

Our Dumb Animals.

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered.

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 41.

Boston, September, 1908.

No. 4.

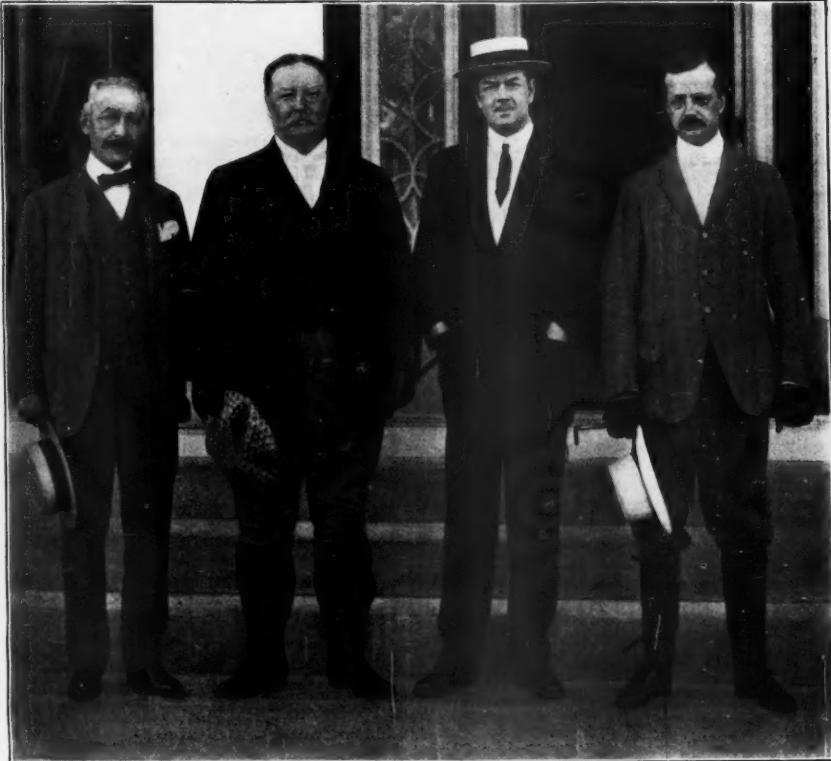
TAFT AND BRYAN.

In the *Boston Herald* of July 20 we found, apparently taken with much care and copyrighted by Waldon Fawcett of Washington, D. C., this picture showing four prominent Republican politicians, and concluded to republish the picture in our columns for the benefit of the editors of some twenty thousand newspapers and magazines who receive *Our Dumb Animals* every month. We are sorry that we cannot publish at the same time the pictures of four equally prominent Democratic politicians, so that all our readers might be able to carefully compare the two pictures. Remembering that whoever is to be elected President of the United States is to command all our armies and navies for four years, with the power of involving us and the civilized world in great wars or maintaining peace and harmony, we feel a profound interest in everything which tends to show the good sense, deliberate judgment, and peace-loving characteristics of Taft and Bryan.

It seemed to us that Taft did not show wisdom in his oration at the tomb of General Grant, in the presence of General Grant's children and friends, in what he said about both Grant and Abraham Lincoln; and again it seemed to us that he did not show wisdom in traveling all the way from Virginia to Oyster Bay to ask Roosevelt (whom our ex-Governor and ex-Senator Boutwell said "*was the most dangerous man in America*") to tell him what to say in his campaign speech; and, on the other hand, we saw in the morning *Herald* of July 28, on its first page, that Bryan had recently been joining a secret society at Omaha, which required him to be blindfolded and sent through a tunnel and then to lead a goat around while the band played "Tammany".

We presume that Taft adopts the Rooseveltian policy to have all the schoolboys in the United States taught to fire army rifles, so that they can be better qualified to kill. Whether he also agreed with Roosevelt in regard to striking off our coin the words, "*In God we trust*," we do not know.

We are not aware that either Taft or Bryan ever said or did anything for humanity similar to what has been recorded in regard to Abraham Lincoln, Grant, and Sherman. Neither of these candidates is the man we should choose to hold, for the next four years, the great office of President of the United States, and we feel quite sure that without going outside our own State we could find a good many men who seem to us better and safer for the place, but we earnestly hope that the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, who presides over



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FOUR PROMINENT POLITICIANS. FROM "BOSTON HERALD."
Left to Right—National Treasurer George R. Sheldon, Candidate William H. Taft, National Chairman Frank H. Hitchcock, Postmaster-General George von L. Meyer.

the destinies of nations, will so direct whoever may be elected that he shall help on the progress of civilization and humanity not only in our own country but over the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

JUDGE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
FOR PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES.

Various papers have quoted what we have said about a suitable candidate to be President of the United States, our nomination being Oliver Wendell Holmes, wounded in three battles fighting for his country, head of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and now Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States; that is the kind of man that we should like to see in the White House at Washington.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

AUTOMOBILES AND DOUBLE-BARRELED SHOT GUNS FOR POLICE.

The following appeared in the *Boston Herald* of August 12:

ANGELL FAVORS AUTO PATROL IN TOWNS.

Says Police Should Have Shot Guns and Guard the Streets at Night to Prevent Robbery.

George T. Angell, president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, suggests policemen with automobiles and double-barreled, sawed-off shot guns as a means of protecting country towns against such affairs as the shooting and robbery of Mrs. W. T. Cornell at Magnolia and the murder of two policemen at Methuen. In an interview to-day Mr. Angell said:

"My plan is to have policemen in an automobile with which they could pass during the night half a dozen times, nearly every house in town, then request all citizens of the town to have a signal light to stop the police and give them information in regard to any suspicious persons or circumstances."

"I also believe that in many cases the police, stopped by one of these signals, might render aid in sudden sickness or other danger, and that criminals knowing these well-armed policemen would be going half a dozen times every night by nearly every house in town on routes which the criminals could not know, would give greater protection to both property and life than now exists."

"To this I wish to add that if well-armed policemen in automobiles were put on duty also during each day, passing nearly every house in town half a dozen times during the day, and citizens requested to put out an agreed upon signal to stop them, that, too, would be a strong protection."

I am glad to see that my editorial on the above subject, published in my August edition, has attracted wide attention from the American press, and my impression is that out of the about twenty thousand newspapers and magazines which receive *Our Dumb Animals* every month some thousands will have editorials on the subject, and that my plan will sooner or later be adopted in thousands of cities and towns, both in our own and other countries, and give greatly increased protection to both property and life.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

AUTOMOBILES, SHOT GUNS, AND TRAINED DOGS TO ASSIST POLICE IN TRACKING AND ARRESTING CRIMINALS.

To what I have already said in the columns of various Boston newspapers in regard to furnishing police in our country towns with automobiles and double-barreled, cut-off shot guns, with which they can pass six times in a night and as many in a day, if needed, nearly every house in a town and stop whenever a signal or signal light calls them, I wish to add that while it is well known that dogs are employed in European armies to hunt up the wounded and carry nourishment and bring rescue parties to them, it is not so well known that dogs have been very profitably used in European cities and towns to aid in the discovery and arrest of criminals, and if they can be used for this purpose in Europe they can certainly be trained to render the



DOGS USED IN PARIS, FRANCE, TO TRACK AND AID IN ARRESTING CRIMINALS.

same service here, and instead of sending our police into the woods to be shot down dogs can be used to track and locate criminals. My opinion is that with the use of trained dogs our police need not have been shot at Jamaica Plain or at Methuen. My impression is that two policemen on an automobile with double-barreled, cut-off shot guns and a couple of trained police dogs would be more feared by criminals than a whole company of militia.

I have published in various issues of *Our Dumb Animals* accounts of the wonderful ability shown by police dogs in European cities and towns to track and assist in the arrest of criminals.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE "BOSTON POST"—AUTOMOBILES AND SHOT GUNS.

We are indebted to the Sunday edition of the *Boston Post* on August 16, for a long and most interesting account of our plans in regard to giving our police automobiles and double-barreled shot guns, to enable two or more of them to pass half a dozen times in the night nearly every house in town and stop wherever they see a signal that any important information in regard to criminals can be obtained.

We have great confidence that our plan, with its trained police dogs similar to those now largely used in European cities and towns, will be adopted by thousands of towns in the United States and elsewhere, and think we may properly claim the good fortune of having been the first person in the world to suggest this plan.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

**FROM THE "BOSTON SUNDAY POST"
OF AUG. 16.**

"I would have this plan in force in every town in the United States. I believe that in more than 20,000 towns it will eventually be adopted. It is really economy for a town to do so. Wherever it is in force the police will be kept fully informed of all suspicious persons, and rascals will keep away from such a town, for they will see that it is dangerous business for them to venture where they will have to cope with automobiles and shot guns."

"The plan could also be used in the cities. I think it would be a very good idea to have men outside the regular police use automobiles and search the cities and outskirts for suspicious parties."

"I know numbers of women who lie awake in fear of burglars and rascals. To-night there are hundreds of people lying awake within twenty miles of Boston."

"They have reason to be afraid. Rascals are using automobiles and the best of weapons, and can go miles from Boston and commit all kinds of outrages and still be back in bed before morning. These rascals should not be allowed to have the best transportation and the best weapons."

"We ought to have the best of men on our police force, and they ought to have the best kind of pay and treatment, and best firearms and automobiles. The policeman's position is getting more dangerous every day, and it is a wonder to me that they can still get efficient men to go on the force."

"I once addressed the Philadelphia policemen, and at the end of my talk was told that more men were wounded on the Philadelphia police force than, in proportion, were wounded in the civil war. I am always with the policeman; he is my best friend. In my judgment there is no class of men better deserving of honor than the men who are apt to be called upon at any moment of the day or night to risk their lives in defence of the lives and property of others."

"To what influences do you ascribe the growth of crime?" Mr. Angell was asked.

"I ascribe it to the admission to this country of foreigners who at home were brigands and members of the worst kinds of secret societies; to the strife between the rich and poor, which is growing more and more; and to the inculcating of fighting ideas among our people."

"To prevent crime, we need more stringent laws, stringently enforced, and humane education."

To the above I would add that police are as deserving of pensions as soldiers are in our armies. The wives and children of men who have died or become unfit for labor in the discharge of their duty should never be permitted, in a Christian country, to starve or be sent to the poorhouse.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"The age of chivalry is never past so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, or a man or woman left to say: 'I will redress that wrong or spend my life in the attempt.'"

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

JAPAN.

In the *Pacific Monthly* of August, 1908, we find four profoundly interesting articles on the growth and future of Japan; how quietly the Japanese have been sending their citizens all over the world to obtain all the latest thoughts and inventions which can promote the glory of Japan, everything which will increase the power of her armies and navies, and her financial power and prosperity. They are buying our cotton now for their cotton mills to manufacture and our wheat for their flour mills to manufacture, but are planning to raise vast quantities of both cotton and wheat themselves to supply all their mills. They have established a line of fast steamers between Japan and Chili, where they are buying up the entire stock of saltpetre and large quantities of yucca, the sole use of which is to make the high explosive which Japan used with deadly effect in the war with Russia. Japan has not only its great fleet of war vessels, but a greater fleet of other vessels which can be used either with its navy or in commerce. They are planning to manufacture everything which can be sold at a profit.

Only the other day, within our personal knowledge, a Lowell, Mass., machinist was offered a salary of fifteen thousand dollars a year to go at once to Japan and teach them how to manufacture one piece of machinery. It looks as though the time was coming when there will be no stronger nation in the world than Japan.

It rests largely with us to say whether this shall mean Peace or War, and the man who will preside over our nation as President, during the next four years, will have great influence in deciding the question. If our American Humane Education Society could carry its work and publications and Bands of Mercy into thousands of Japanese schools it might accomplish more for "Glory to God and Peace on Earth" than all the battleships we ever have built or ever will build.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PUT UP THE SWORD.

[By request of a friend, we republish this beautiful poem.]

I have sung of the soldier's glory
As I never shall sing again;
I have gazed on the shambles gory,
I have smelled of the slaughter pen.
There is blood in the ink-well clotted,
There are stains on the laurel leaf,
And the pages of fame are blotted
With the tears of a needless grief.
The bird is slaughtered for fashion,
And the beast is killed for sport;
And never the word compassion
Is whispered at Moloch's court.
For the parent seal in the water
Is slain, and her child must die,
That some sister or wife or daughter
Her beauty may beautify.
And the merciful thought we smother—
For such is the way of man—
As we murder the useless mother
For the "unborn astrakan."

But a season of rest comes never
For the rarest sport of all;
Will His patience endure forever,
Who noteth the sparrow's fall?
*When the volleys of hell are sweeping
The sea and the battle plain.*
Do you think our God is sleeping
And never to wake again?

When hunger and ravenous fever
Are slaying the wasted frame,
Shall we worship the red deceiver,
The devil that men call Fame?

We may swing the censer to cover
The odor of blood—in vain;
God asks us over and over,
"Where is thy brother, Cain?"

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE,
In *The Century*.



THE OLD FOREIGN SETTLEMENT AT NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

For publication of the above we are indebted to the splendid August issue of *The Pacific Monthly*, published at Portland, Oregon.

Many years ago we had the pleasure of reading a wonderful story—how Commodore Perry, of our navy brought Japan to the knowledge of the civilized world, in a volume printed with costly illustrations by our government at Washington. The history of Japan from Commodore Perry's visit to the present time is full of marvelous progress.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FROM UNRECOGNIZED HEROES.

By Joaquin Miller.

And what for the man who went forth *for the right*,
Was hit in the battle and shorn of a limb?
Why honor for him who falls in the fight,
Falls wounded of limb and crippled for life;
Give honor, give glory, give pensions for him,
Give bread and give shelter for babes and for wife.
But what of the hero who battles alone,
In battles of thought where God set him down.
Who fought all alone and who fell overthrown?
I tell you 'twere better to cherish that soul—
That soldier who battles with *thought for a sword*,
That climbs the steep ramparts where *wrong has control*,
And falls beaten back by the *rude trampling horde*.
Ah, better to cherish his words and his worth,
Than *all the Napoleons* that people the earth.

DID YOU EVER LISTEN, BROTHER?

Did you ever listen, brother, to the *music of the rill*,
As it sang in happy cadence, dancing gaily down the hill?
Did you never stop a moment just to catch its little song?
If you haven't, you have missed it; *stop when next you go along*.

Have you ever heard the *tender little ballads of the rain*,
As it sang them, playing softly on the shingle and the pane?
Did you never hear the chorus as they joined in mighty shower?
If you haven't, *listen for it when again the rain doth pour*.

Have you never heard the music as you strolled beneath the trees?
Grander far than mighty Handel with his glorious harmonies;

Did you never hear the *love song of the forest to his bride*?

If you haven't, *stop and listen when again you chance to ride*.

Have you never heard the *soft diminuendo in the grain*?
When the breezes played upon it Autumn's light and happy strain?

Have you never thrilled with pleasure as you stood amidst the corn,
And heard its sweet bravuras on a clear September morn?

Did you ever think to listen to the *diapason grand*,
When the Storm King sang in thunder, as he swept across the land?
Have you never caught the throbbing of his mighty, angry soul,
As he struck his harp electric? Have you never heard its roll?

Have you never paused to listen to the *music of the spheres*?
Such soul-stirring strains of melody ne'er greeted mortal ears;
When Orion, with Arcturus, and sweet Luna and old Sol,
Head the choruses of Heaven, and the angels prostrate fall?

Have you never listened, brother, for the music deep and grand,
That is swelling all around you on the water and the land?
Have you never caught the music that the little zephyrs play?
As they make of you their spinnet, when they meet you day by day.

Let me tell you, O, my brother, if you haven't learned to hear
All the music that is swelling daily round you year by year;

If you haven't caught the melodies that *Nature*
plays and sings,
*You are missing all the music of Jehovah, King of
Kings.*

All this music, O, my brother, O, my sister, is for
you.
Will you not then listen for it, as your journey
you pursue?
It will fill your life with sunshine, it will banish
pain and care,
If you only catch the music that is swelling *every-
where.*

FREDERICK ABBOTT, in *Pearls.*

THE AMERICAN HUMANE ASSOCIA-
TION FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN
AND ANIMALS.

In some past years we have been very much dissatisfied with the little work of practical value done by this Association, but we are now delighted to know that under the presidency of Dr. William O. Stillman, of Albany, the Association is showing evidence of activity which promises large usefulness. While we want millions of dollars for the work of our American Humane Education Society, which we believe to be the most important missionary society of the entire world, we shall be glad to have other millions given to the American Humane Association of societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and animals.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PASTEUR AVENUE, BOSTON.

The naming of the splendid new avenue to be constructed, leading from our medical school buildings, *Pasteur Avenue*, is a slight to the medical profession of Massachusetts, which has on its records many names deserving of this honor.

We sincerely hope the name may be changed.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE CLERGY.

We not unfrequently hear the clergy attacked for not taking a more decided stand for the right, regardless of consequences.

We know something about this business. Our father was a clergyman, our uncle was a clergyman, our cousin was a clergyman, and our good mother [though she did not preach] was perhaps the best clergyman of the whole lot. The clergyman is, generally speaking, a poor man without money, with a wife and children, and no way to live except by the help of his parish.

At the age when lawyers and physicians are getting their largest fees, he is in greatest danger of being left to depend on charity.

We believe the clergy, as a whole, try to make their lives just as useful to their parishes and the world as *their parishes and the world will permit them.*

GEO. T. ANGELL.

BISHOP POTTER.

There comes to our table on August 7, sent to us by one of our best American writers from Halifax, Nova Scotia, a leaf cut from *The Religious World* with a picture of Bishop Potter mounted on a mutilated horse, with apparently nothing but a shoe brush sticking up for a tail.

Some years ago we had the pleasure of addressing the great Episcopal Convention of Minnesota, at Minneapolis, and though claiming no affinity with one religious denomination more than another, were directed to speak from the pulpit of the church. In that great and important Convention we do not believe a single clergyman could have been found who would have his picture sent out to the world mounted on a mutilated horse, with a shoe brush sticking up for a tail.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Blessed are the Merciful."

WASN'T WANTED THERE.

She was a little old woman, very plainly dressed in black bombazine that had seen much careful wear, and her bonnet was very old-fashioned, and people stared at her tottering up the aisle of the grand church, evidently bent on securing one of the best seats, for a great man preached on that day, and the house was filled with splendidly dressed people who had heard of the fame of the preacher, of his learning, his intellect, and goodness, and they wondered at the presumption of the old woman. She must have been in her dotage, for she picked out the pew of the richest and proudest member of the church and took a seat. The three ladies who were seated there beckoned to the sexton, who bent over the intruder and whispered something, but she was hard of hearing and smiled a little withered smile, as she said gently:

"Oh, I'm quite comfortable here, quite comfortable here."

"But you are not wanted here," said the sexton pompously. "There is not room. Come with me, my good woman; I will see that you have a seat."

"Not room!" said the old woman, looking at her sunken proportions and then at the fine ladies. "Why, I'm not crowded a bit. I rode ten miles to hear the sermon to-day, because—" But the sexton took her by the arm, and shook her roughly in a polite, underhand way, and she took the hint. Her faded old eyes filled with tears, her chin quivered, but she rose meekly, and left the pew. Turning quietly to the ladies, who were spreading their rich dresses over the spot she left vacant, she said gently:

"I hope, my dears, there'll be room in heaven for us all."

Then she followed the pompous sexton to the rear of the church, where, in the last pew, she was seated between a threadbare girl and a shabby old man.

"She must be crazy," said one of the ladies in the pew which she had at first occupied. "What can an ignorant old woman like her want to hear Dr. — preach for? She would not be able to understand a word he said."

"Those people are so persistent. The idea of her forcing herself into our pew! Isn't that voluntary lovely? There's Dr. — coming out of the vestry. Isn't he grand?"

"Splendid! What a stately man! You know he has promised to dine with us while he is here."

He was a commanding-looking man, and as the organ voluntary stopped and he looked over the vast crowd of worshippers gathered in the great church, he seemed to scan every face. His hand was on the Bible, when suddenly he leaned over the reading desk, and beckoned to the sexton, who obsequiously mounted the steps to receive a mysterious message. And then the three ladies in the grand pew were electrified to see him take his way the whole length of the church, to return with the old woman, whom he placed in the front pew of all, its occupants making willing room for her. The great preacher looked at her with a smile of recognition, and then the service proceeded, and he preached a sermon which struck fire from every heart. "Who was she?" asked the ladies who could not make room for her, as they passed the sexton at the door.

"The preacher's mother," replied that functionary in an injured tone.

A GREAT MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

We think the time is soon coming when thoughtful readers of our paper will clearly understand that the American Humane Education Society is one of the most important missionary societies of the entire world. Think of its seal and mottoes, "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature." Think of the over three millions copies of the one book, "Black Beauty," it has caused

to be sent out in our own, most European, and three Asiatic languages—a book that is full of the highest teachings of religion and humanity. Think of the hundreds of thousands of other books it is causing to be sent out, all preaching the same doctrine. Think of the about twenty thousand newspapers and magazines to which our American Humane Education Society is sending, every month, this paper. Remember that in the smallest towns, away up on the boundaries of Alaska, or away down on the boundary of Mexico, wherever a little newspaper is printed, our paper is going every month, full of humane thoughts and teachings, and not only is going but is read, and that articles taken from it reach millions of readers, not only here, but to some extent, in nearly all civilized countries. Then think of our over seventy thousand Bands of Mercy, with their between two and three millions members, formed widely over not only our country, but the world. Think of the fact that our publications are not confined to any religious denomination but are equally acceptable to Protestants, Catholics, and all others, and are read by multitudes who will not read the publications of religious sects.

We believe that many thoughtful readers will sooner or later come to the conclusion that there is no missionary organization in this world calculated to do more to promote "Glory to God and Peace on Earth" than the American Humane Education Society, and if we had a million of dollars given to it, its press bureau would be established to gather and send out hundreds of millions of copies of the gems of humane literature, and its flags would float, and its songs be heard around the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND "THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN."

During a series of years we have been telling the about twenty thousand newspapers and magazines that receive *Our Dumb Animals* every month how unsuitable a man Theodore Roosevelt is to hold the high office of President of the United States. When he was first nominated for Assistant Secretary of the Navy we wrote Governor Long, asking him to do everything in his power to prevent Mr. Roosevelt's appointment, and saying to Governor Long that if Roosevelt became Assistant Secretary of the Navy he would be absolutely certain to get us into a war with somebody about something.

We think our opinion was correct. All the loss of life and property, enormous taxes, and future dangers of the Cuban and Philippine Wars, we believe history will declare to have been the work of Theodore Roosevelt. Of course we are very glad to see in the *Boston Evening Transcript* of July 27, copied from *The Springfield Republican*, a strong article endorsing the views we have so long held, and closing with these words: "He is temperamentally unfit for the position he holds, and it is well for the country that the days of his stay there have been numbered."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

CANDIDATE WILLIAM H. TAFT.

We see in the *Boston Herald*, of August 8, that Mr. Taft (notwithstanding his weight of some three hundred pounds) rode on a buckboard forty miles in West Virginia to attend a horse show, which we presume as usual included horse races, with the accompanying bets, and that in the evening he led the german at the hotel. It may be gratifying to various people who meet in the summer at Newport, Bar Harbor, and Saratoga Springs to learn these facts, but we are not aware that either Lincoln, Grant, or Sherman ever went forty miles to see a horse race; on the contrary, we know that Grant absolutely refused to ever attend any such race, and we are quite sure that neither Lincoln, Grant, or Sherman ever led the german at any hotel or anywhere.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

(*For Our Dumb Animals.*)

THE ARMY OF THE HORSE.

(A tribute to the poor creatures who have fallen
in our recent wars.)

By L. E. SHATTUCK, of *The Springfield Union*.

Not on History's treasured page,
Nor on the tongues of men,
Does their daring stand recorded.
Their bravery live again.

No marble shaft its head uprears
Beneath a Southern sky,
To tell of how they fought and fell,
And taught men how to die.

No tombstone marks those rude-cut graves,
No tablet tells the loss;
The busy world won't pause to mourn
The army of the horse.

But Memory still awakens
A silent, soulful prayer
In noble hearts of those who fought—
The brave men who were there.

And from the cloud of battle smoke,
Beneath that blazing sky,
Again above the uproar comes
The wild despairing cry

Of poor, patient dumb beasts dying.
With life tide's quickening loss;
'Tis a wild and an unearthly note,
The death cry of the horse.

To the front, on the flank they fall,
Now down, now up again;
Flecked with foam and blood, receiving
The bullets meant for men.

Now here, now there, they bleeding wheel,
Plunging to left, to right;
Bloodshot eyes, entrails disgorge,
A wild, unearthly sight.

The general's high born charger,
Pack horse of common blood,
Both join their last despairing cries,
Mingle their crimson flood.

Obedient, onward pressing,
Protesting not the loss;
Thus the dauntless army marches—
The army of the horse.

What matters it the world seeks not
Their bravery to declare,
It lives again in hearts of men—
The brave men who were there.

In all questions relating to war it is the duty of the editor of this paper never to forget and always be ready to speak for the horses that must suffer and die and cannot speak for themselves.

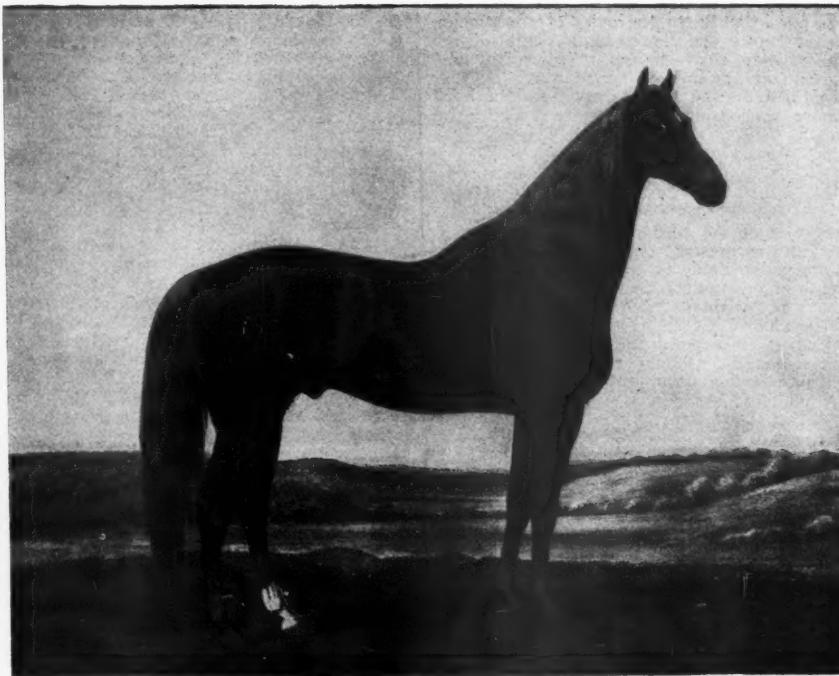
GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE OLD WAR HORSE.

[From "Black Beauty."]

"My master, my dear master was cheering on his comrades with his right arm raised on high, when one of the balls whizzing close to my head, struck him. I felt him stagger with the shock, though he uttered no cry; I tried to check my speed, but the sword dropped from his right hand, the rein fell loose from the left, and sinking backward from the saddle he fell to the earth; the other riders swept past us, and by the force of their charge I was driven from the spot where he fell.

"I wanted to keep my place by his side, and not leave him under that rush of horses' feet, but it was in vain; and now without a master or a friend, I was alone on that great slaughter ground; then fear took hold on me, and I trembled as I had never trembled before; and I too, as I had seen other horses do, tried to join in the ranks and gallop with them; but I was beaten off by the swords of the soldiers. Just then a soldier, whose horse had been killed under him, caught at my bridle and mounted me; and with this new master I was again going forward; but our gallant company



"BLACK BEAUTY."

was cruelly overpowered, and those who remained alive after the fierce fight for the guns, came galloping back over the same ground. Some of the horses had been so badly wounded that they could scarcely move from the loss of blood; other noble creatures were trying on three legs to drag themselves along, and others were struggling to rise on their fore feet, when their hind legs had been shattered by shot. Their groans were piteous to hear, and the beseeching look in their eyes as those who escaped passed by and left them to their fate I shall never forget. After the battle the wounded men were brought in, and the dead were buried.

"And what about the wounded horses?" I said; "were they left to die?"

"No, the army farriers went over the field with their pistols and shot all that were ruined; some that had only slight wounds were brought back and attended to, but the greater part of the noble, willing creatures that went out that morning never came back! In our stables there was only about one in four that returned.

"I never saw my dear master again. I believe he fell dead from the saddle. I never loved any other master so well. I went into many other engagements but was only once wounded, and then not seriously; and when the war was over I came back to England.

I said, "I have heard people talk about war as if it was a very fine thing."

"Ah!" said he, "I should think they never saw it. No doubt it is very fine when there is no enemy, when it is just exercise and parade and sham fight. Yes, it is very fine then; but when thousands of good, brave men and horses are killed or crippled for life, it has a very different look."

"Do you know what they fought about?" said I.

"No," he said, "that is more than a horse can understand, but the enemy must have been awfully wicked people, if it was right to go all that way over the sea on purpose to kill them."

Our horses, whom it is our duty to represent, are all for peace and arbitration. They want no wars in Cuba or the Philippines or anywhere.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

DO HORSES EVER CRY?

"Did you ever see a horse cry?" asked Herbert Tenneff of a St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* reporter. "Many people believe that horses do not weep, but those who have had much to do with these faithful creatures know that on several occasions they will shed tears, as well as express sorrow in the most heart-breaking manner. In the West, where the hardness of the ponies causes the riders to almost overlook the necessity of providing for their needs, it is quite common when the weather is extremely cold to leave an unblanketed pony tied up for two or three hours when the temperature is nearly zero, and while its owner is transacting business or getting drunk. In this case the suffering is evidenced by the cries which are almost like sobs, and unmistakable tears freeze on to the cheeks like icicles. When a horse falls in the street and gets injured the shock generally numbs the senses so much that it does not either cry or groan, but under some conditions an injured horse will solicit sympathy in the most distinct manner. I remember a favorite horse of my own which trod on a nail long enough to pierce its foot. The poor thing hobbled up to me on three legs and cried as nearly like a child in trouble as anything I can describe. The sight was a very touching one, as was also the crippled animal's gratitude when the nail was pulled out and the wound dressed."

A HORSE'S SENSE OF DANGER.

[Cripple Creek Correspondence *Denver News*.]

That a horse has the instincts of impending danger was demonstrated the other afternoon when an animal belonging to M. D. Swisher, county road overseer, refused to act on the bit, ran up the mountainside and saved its rider from death in a cloud-burst. Swisher was riding along Box Cañon, a narrow gulch, when the horse turned from the road, and paying no attention to the rider ran up the mountainside and stopped on a ledge twenty feet above. Swisher was mystified until he saw water, about eight feet deep, rushing down the cañon, tearing up bushes, and upending everything movable. The water was from a cloud-burst

about half a mile farther up the gulch and the horse had heard the noise of the rushing water before the rider. Half a mile of the Box Cañon road leading to Florissant was washed out and bridges carried away. Swisher remained on the mountainside for an hour before he considered it safe to re-enter the cañon.

WHAT PRINCE DID.

[For *Our Dumb Animals*, by Mrs. A. R. Knowlton.]

Stories of the wisdom of animals are not few in the present day, when the humane societies are doing so much to promote the rights of our dumb brethren, yet each new tale is not without its own peculiar interest.

The following true story concerns a horse belonging to a gentleman residing in Worcester, Mass.:

Prince was a thoroughbred, his naturally fine instincts sharpened and rendered more acute by his training, for he had known life on the race track, until some slight accident unfitted him for that career and transformed him into a carriage horse.

He was being driven homeward one evening in winter, when dusk was fast rendering even nearby objects invisible. Suddenly he stopped short, trembling all over.

In vain his driver urged him to proceed. Prince refused to stir and the quivering of his muscles increased.

At last the driver left his seat to discover the cause of this unusual behavior. It was soon explained. Just in front of the horse—in fact, almost beneath his upraised feet—lay a woman who had slipped, fallen, and was unable to rise.

To avoid doing her an injury that splendid animal had resolutely held up his fore foot for more than a minute. No wonder he trembled from the strain of this unaccustomed position.

TO DEAL WITH BULLIES OR A MOB ALWAYS FACE THEM.

Governor and Major General Benjamin F. Butler once said to me, "There is only one way to deal with bullies or a mob, and that is to face them. If you try to run away they will tear you in pieces." A considerable number of experiences illustrating the truth of that saying comes to my mind.

After I graduated from Dartmouth College in 1846, sixty-two years ago, I soon obtained an appointment as teacher in the old Mather School, South Boston, which numbered among its pupils some of the toughest hoodlums of the whole city, and I soon found it was necessary by very vigorous action to establish my authority. A few experiences in the big schoolroom, where there were about two hundred and fifty boys, settled the question of authority inside the building, so that I went on thereafter in perfect harmony for three years, teaching school daytimes and studying law nights, but another trial awaited me on the street. Going to my school in the morning, when hundreds of boys were on the main street, some one around a corner cried out, "Old Angell, Old Angell." Immediately after the assembling of the school I ascertained that hundreds of boys heard the cry, but no one seemed able to give me any information in regard to where it came from. I realized at once that something must be done and adopted heroic treatment, with the result that I never had another cry of the kind during my three years teaching in South Boston, but one noon when I came out of my schoolroom there was another development. I saw perhaps sixty of my boys standing on the opposite side of the street looking at the school entrance, and one powerfully built young man waiting for me at the entrance. Instantly the thought came that he was probably well versed in the beautiful sport of boxing [which President Roosevelt so much admires], and that

his intention was to get me into a discussion. At the same moment I decided to adopt the Napoleonic tactics of making the first attack, so when he began by saying in an insulting manner, "Good God," without a moment's hesitation I turned and gave him, with my stout, curved-top hickory cane, a tremendous whack and before he had time to think how unprofessional it was, gave him a still harder one; the result being that he turned to run, and, just before he got out of range, I hit him a third whack, which broke my cane in two. The boys and their champion went around the corner in a hurry and that settled my standing for three years outside the school as well as in.

At a later period I was boarding at the old Waverley House in Charlestown, and about midnight one Sunday night was on my way over the Charlestown Bridge when I passed an ugly looking fellow who wheeled instantly behind me. I wheeled as quickly as he did, and stood nose to nose with him. For a moment there was silence, then he said, "Mister, do you want to buy a ring?" I answered, "No," and he turned and went on toward Boston and I kept on toward Charlestown.

Another experience. A tough, savage-looking scamp was in the habit of throwing himself (apparently in a fit) on the street, frightening a good many people (especially women) and in that way collecting money. He came to my office one day, and had no sooner put his ugly phiz inside my door than I told him if he ever came there again I would have him down on the Island in less than twenty-four hours. He doubled up his fist at me and said, "Ye can't do it." I replied that I would try, and, at my request, the Chief of Police, within about twenty-four hours, sent him down to the Island. One or two months after that, my door opened (when I was sitting in my office alone) and the rascal put in his ugly phiz again with apparent intention of taking revenge, but with the Napoleonic tactics I so overwhelmed him in a minute that he gave it up, and within about twenty-four hours more I had him down on the Island again.

At a later period I was living at a hotel on Arlington Heights, near Boston, and coming down, from a lecture I had given in the country, on a midnight train the landlord was taking me up in a double seated carriage from Arlington Village to Arlington Heights. Suddenly three men leaped out from the darkness, one seized the horse's head, a second pulled the whip out of the holster, and the third was getting ready to climb into the carriage, saying, "We are going to ride with you, Mister." I only said to the landlord, "Barnard, you take care of the horse and I will take care of these fellows in about one minute." It frightened them so that they left as quickly as they came. We stopped and picked up the whip, and I gave a short lecture to the men in the darkness, informing them that they had been in considerable danger that night and that they had better not try that experiment again, to which they made no reply.

Sometime later I was riding (with my good wife) through the woods at Sudbury or Wayland, where there were no houses and a pretty steep hill ahead of us, when suddenly at the foot of the hill we found a man, sitting in a wagon ready to drive off into the woods, and another man with his face so disfigured by red chalk or something as to make it impossible to ever recognize him. He stepped out into the road to meet us. My good wife wanted me to whip the horse and try to get away, but I remarked, bearing in mind perhaps Governor Butler's saying, that I was going to walk the horse from the bottom to the top of the hill. The disfigured man looked us over and concluded to let us alone, and so we escaped what for the moment seemed to be a danger.

At New Orleans, the winter I passed there, the rector of the great Episcopal church

told me that at that time it was no crime to kill a man in New Orleans and that I had better not interfere with cruelty I might see, but soon after I discovered one morning that at the side of the Exposition Buildings there had been erected another building for Mexican bullfights and that the Mexicans and bulls were there and just about to commence operations. I at once wrote the city papers, and succeeded in obtaining from the Governor an order that not a single exhibition of bullfighting should be given, and so the building had to be closed and the bulls and bullfighters sent back to Mexico. It was suggested to me that I had been doing rather a dangerous thing, but I was not aware that anybody tried to kill me on account of it. Sometime after I saw an advertisement of a little steamer going about thirty miles down the Mississippi, where we were to have an excellent dinner and be brought back to New Orleans before dark; the result being they gave us no dinner at all and did not get us back until about midnight, as they had concluded to tow an oyster sloop up the river. It seemed to me an outrage, and I wrote the papers about it. Next day my assistant in my humane department of the Exposition came to me, apparently somewhat alarmed, and said a man wanted to see me. On going to the front I found the steamboat man, who commenced by saying that he hoped I was satisfied now with the attack I had been making on him. I told him, in reply, that it was about the most outrageous swindle that I had ever known in my life and while I did not know what I could do in New Orleans about it, if I had him in Boston I would have him in jail in less than twenty-four hours. He concluded it was best not to shoot me and walked off, troubling me no more.

These, with other incidents which have occurred in the course of my long life, have illustrated the truth of what Governor Butler said to me, that "if you have to deal with bullies or a mob, the only thing to be done is to face them."

Napoleon settled the terrible mobs of Paris by ordering one discharge of solid shot from a cannon, and after that only blank discharges.

HOW DID YOU HAPPEN?

How did you happen to have "The American Humane Education Society" formed and incorporated, Mr. Angell?

Answer.—The work of our Massachusetts Society was rapidly growing to be national, and to some extent international, and thousands of dollars were given me to use as a mission fund outside the State.

I soon realized two things: (1st) that this work could be made more effective under a national than under a State name; and (2nd) that if I should happen to die these gifts would probably cease.

So I went at once to our Massachusetts Legislature and succeeded in having "The American Humane Education Society" incorporated, with power to hold half-a-million of dollars [now a million].

Since that time all money given me for my mission fund has been paid over to the treasurer of "The American Humane Education Society," and I personally gave, at its starting, to the trustees of its permanent fund real estate which has since been sold for three thousand, two hundred dollars.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS.

Hundreds of thousands of children can never be taught directly in our schools to love either their fathers or mothers, but they can be taught to be constantly saying kind words and doing kind acts to the lower creatures, and in this way may be made better, kinder, and more merciful in all the relations of life.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

NUMEROUS DOG LOVERS.

[From the *Salem Daily News* of Aug. 4.]

In a recent issue of *The News* there was an appeal to kind-hearted people to give a home to a dog which was at the police station. To show how many were interested in the fate of the dog, it is reported at the station that about sixty different inquiries were received from people in person. And, sad to relate, not one of the number got a look-in on the dog. Not even was it the privilege of a resident of the city to get the dog, which went to a good man in Newburyport. It was a case of first come first served, and the outsider got the start on local people by getting there before the paper was published.



THREE FRIENDS.

ZOLA'S DOG.

(From the *Paris Messenger*.)

M. Emile Zola was very fond of animals, and a touching story is told in this connection. When the novelist left hurriedly for England at the time of his threatened arrest, he had no opportunity of taking his little dog with him. The affectionate creature looked in vain for its master, and not finding him became very dejected. Later the poor dog met his death from a stroke of lightning. Writing of the circumstance to Mlle. Adrienne Neyrat, the directress of the *Ami des Bêtes*, M. Zola said: "It seemed to me as if my departure had killed him, and I wept like a child. Even now it is impossible for me to think of it without being moved to tears. When I returned a corner of the house seemed empty. Of all my sacrifices, the death of my dog in my absence has been one of the hardest. This sort of thing is ridiculous, I know, and if I tell it to you, Mademoiselle, it is because I am sure to find in you a tender heart for animals, and one who will not laugh too much."

DOG STOPS AN ELECTRIC CAR.

[Special Dispatch to *Philadelphia North American*.]

Chicago, Aug. 21.—Alice Pedro, six years old, went out for a walk this evening with her Newfoundland dog, Don, and while crossing the street car track at North Clark street and Sunnyside avenue, she caught her toe and fell to the ground. Not far to the northward a trolley car was coming toward the child, who, shocked by the fall, lay in the middle of the track.

It took the dog about ten seconds to take mental notes of the situation, and then he began to show signs of great distress. He gazed anxiously up the track in the direction of the approaching car. He pranced about the child and barked. He took her dress in his teeth and pulled, but the dress tore. For a moment the dog seemed to be in despair.

The car was coming fast and something had to be done, and then he wheeled about and started up the track as fast as his body would allow, to flag the car.

Barking furiously, the big dog ran right in the middle of the track. If there ever was a clear case of reason in animals there was one here. The motorman saw the dog coming and at first he thought the beast was mad. He clapped on the brakes and as the car slowed up and stopped Don was compelled to run backward to keep out from under the wheels. He would not get off the track.

The instant the car had come to a standstill the dog bounded back to his small mistress, who by this time was on her feet. The only reward he asked was a pat on the head.

DOG SAVES LIVES OF TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

Portland, Oregon, July 20.—That two little girls were not drowned in surf at Newport, Ore., Saturday, is due to the intelligence of a dog owned by Maurice Winter, a commercial traveler of Albany. Willie Eagles, aged eleven, and Elizabeth, aged five, children of William Eagles, a cigar dealer at Albany, were playing on the Newport beach with Helen Winter, the four-year-old daughter of Maurice Winter, and Mary Pennington, seven years old. While digging in the sand they became surrounded by the incoming tide and in trying to reach shore blundered into a deep hole. There was no one near and the frightened children floundered helplessly until Willie Eagles managed to reach his sister and pulled her to shore by her hair.

The others, farther out in the pool, were almost drowning when Winter's dog ran out into the water and caught Helen Winter's clothes in his mouth and dragged her to the bank. Mary Pennington held to the clothes of the Winter girl and was pulled close enough to the edge of the pool so that young Eagles caught her arm and saved her too.

—*Seattle Daily Times*, July 20.

THE LITTLE BROWN DOG.

Little brown dog with the meek brown eyes,
Tell me the boon that most you prize.

Would a juicy bone meet your heart's desire?
Or a cosy rug by a blazing fire?
Or a sudden race with a truant cat?
Or a gentle word, or a friendly pat?
Is the worn-out ball you have always near
The dearest of all the things held dear?
Or is the home you left behind
The dream of bliss to your doggish mind?
But the little brown dog just shook his head
As if "None of these are best," he said.

A boy's clear whistle came from the street,
There's a wag of the tail, and a twinkle of feet
And the little brown dog did not even say
"Excuse me, ma'am," as he scampered away,
But I'm sure as can be his greatest joy
Is just to trot behind that boy.

MAY ELLIS NICHOLS.

Don't kill your dog trying to make
him run with your bicycle. Dogs were
intended for no such purpose.

Ronceverte, W. Va., August 7.—Mrs. Arthur Beagle, accompanied by her ten-year-old daughter, was picking berries near Rood's Creek, and accompanying the two was a water spaniel. When the two arrived near their home the dog acted very strangely, brushing against the child as if to warn it of danger. As the child kept on the dog laid down in the path in front of her, and then it was discovered that the faithful brute was on top of a rattlesnake, which bit the dog in numerous places. The child escaped unhurt and its mother dispatched the reptile, but the dog died within an hour from the bites.

Always keep your dogs and cats
nights where they will not disturb the
sleep of your neighbors and so come
in danger of being poisoned.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, September, 1908.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of over twenty-two thousand, five hundred newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Richmond 572; or our Mass. Society, Main 1226.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges for its use, but in emergency cases where they are unable to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a police officer or Society agent.

SUBSCRIBERS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom ong ones.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of seventy-three thousand and twenty-three.



NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above represented. They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters and border, and we sell them at bare cost, five for ten cents, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller numbers than five.

THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY.

President Angell's report to the directors of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals shows that the prosecuting agents of the Massachusetts Society, in their investigation of complaints during the month, examined 3,982 animals, took 160 horses from work, and humanely killed 258 horses and other animals.

The total number of Bands of Mercy formed to date is 73,023.

By the will of Mrs. Annie L. Lowry, Philadelphia, Pa., the American Humane Education Society is to receive ten thousand dollars; and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has received during the month one thousand dollars from the estate of Miss Caroline W. Hill of Sutton.

Boston, August 19, 1908.

FOR THE PROTECTION OF HORSES AND OTHER ANIMALS.

In behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Protection of Cruelty to Animals, I hereby offer five dollars to any person knowing of cruelty to any horse in Massachusetts who will give us in court the evidence necessary to convict; also for similar evidence in court to enable us to convict any person of cruelty to any other domestic animal in Massachusetts, I offer a prize of not less than two dollars.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

OUR PROSECUTING AGENTS.

Our special paid prosecuting agents are:

For Western Massachusetts—Dexter A. Atkins, Springfield, 31 Elm Street, Room 327. Tel. 581-1.

For Central Massachusetts—Robert L. Dyson, Worcester, 142 June Street. Tel. 288-3.

For Southeastern Massachusetts—Henry A. Perry, Mansfield.

For Boston, Eastern Massachusetts and elsewhere—

James R. Hathaway, Special Agent; Thomas Langlan, Charles F. Clark, George W. Splaine, Frank G. Phillips, Joseph M. Russell, Harry L. Allen; Emergency Agent, Geo. Albert Grant—all at 19 Milk Street, Boston.

In addition to these we have over four hundred unpaid local agents in all our Massachusetts cities and towns who render us more or less service.

MRS. ANNIE L. LOWRY OF PHILADELPHIA.

We are glad to find, in the *Boston Evening Globe* of August 7, that this prominent and kind-hearted lady of Philadelphia, recently deceased, has given by will, in addition to various other charities, the sum of ten thousand dollars to our American Humane Education Society. During several years we have been frequently cheered by her generous gifts and kind letters and now, when in her eighty-sixth year, on August 1, she has passed on to another and we hope happier existence, she has left the above generous gift to aid our humane educational work.

Some of the pleasantest recollections of our life have been addresses which we have had the pleasure of giving in Philadelphia, at one of which we spoke for an hour to upwards of eight hundred of the Philadelphia police (all who could be spared from duty), and another at the close of which a kind-hearted lady expressed her wish to give to our Massachusetts Society a piece of land near Boston estimated to be worth about five hundred dollars, which we sold for twelve hundred and fifty dollars.

Among the prominent people of Philadelphia from whom we receive kind letters, no one writes us more kindly than one of the

best citizens of that city, the Hon. Judge Penrose, uncle of Senator Penrose, who tells us that he reads every line of our paper and expresses his gratification that in our eighty-sixth year we are able to produce a paper which he likes so much to read.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

MISS CAROLINE W. HILL, OF SUTTON, MASS.

Probably we have had no friend more devoted in kind wishes and kind deeds than the late Miss Caroline W. Hill, of Sutton, Mass., under whose will we have recently received a gift of one thousand dollars.

The treasurer of the Grafton Savings Bank writes us that "if all were like Miss Hill, it would be a beautiful world to live in," to which we add, that if all were like Miss Hill there would be no need of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals or the protection of life and property from crime.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

JOHN G. SHORTALL, ESQ., OF CHICAGO.

Just too late for our August edition I found a notice in a Boston paper of the death of John G. Shortall, Esq., for many years president of the Illinois Humane Society, and for some years president of the American Humane Association of societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and animals, and father of John L. Shortall, Esq., now president of the Illinois Humane Society.

At the time I was organizing the Illinois Humane Society, in 1870-1, I do not remember meeting Mr. Shortall, but soon after he became interested in the society and took an active part in humane work, which resulted in his election as president of the Illinois Humane Society and the American Humane Association of societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and animals.

For many years he has been known to the humane societies of our country as one of the most prominent men in humane work.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

BOUND VOLUMES, AND CATS.

Several hundred bound volumes of this paper have been placed on the tables of summer hotels.

Our agents are now warning all summer cottagers on our North and South shores that they must not desert their cats.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR NIGHT OFFICER AND AMBULANCE.

It is well for our readers to know that every night we have at our offices an agent on duty from five o'clock P. M., to eight o'clock the next morning, and any person, seeing any case of cruelty, can telephone our offices, and by arrangements we have with the Boston police, within five minutes a police officer can be started to investigate the case.

Our ambulance, too, can be called for at any hour of the night, and, as soon as the horses can be attached, be sent where it is needed. Our night telephone is Main 1226.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

REPORTERS SOMETIMES MAKE MISTAKES.

When I commenced the practice of law in Boston I had charge of the law reporting for three Boston daily papers and I have always found, from that time to the present, reporters have been among my best friends, but reporters do sometimes make mistakes, and when our readers find things quoted in newspapers in regard to what I have said which seem to be inconsistent, they will please kindly remember that [as in stories about mad dogs] reporters sometimes make mistakes.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

Over seventy-three thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over two million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, *for one year*.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the president, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old and young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. (See Melodies.)

2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.

3.—Readings, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memor Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6.—Enrollment of new members.

7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



THE MYOPIA CLUB.

LOWERED BOAT AND RESCUED SHIP'S CAT IN MID-OCEAN.

Captain Groth of the full-rigged ship, William H. Macy, flying the Stars and Stripes, established a record for humane acts on his recent voyage from Sydney, N. S. W., to Frisco, when he saved the life of "Muggins," the ship's pet cat, which had fallen overboard.

The vessel was in mid-ocean at the time and despite the fact that all sails were set, Captain Groth is the first man known to have heaved his ship to, lower a boat, and rescue pussy from a watery grave.

Captain Groth will surely be looked upon as a hero by all lovers of dumb animals, and especially of cats, who learn of his humane act.—*Boston Post*, July 30.

This reminds us of another vessel crossing the ocean some years ago. A sailor had a pet cat, and one of the officers threw it overboard, and the captain refused to stop his vessel for a cat. The sailor instantly jumped over himself and the cry of a man overboard brought the vessel to a quick stop, and both the sailor and his cat were saved.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

CAT CALLS "FIRE," FAMILY ESCAPES.

Quincy Man, Wakened by "Tabs" at 3.30 A.M., Finds House Ablaze.

"Tabs," the big cat owned by Joseph H. Robinson of 33 Calumet street, Quincy, was probably the means of saving the lives of the entire family in a fire which yesterday morning damaged the house to the value of \$3000. Mr. Robinson was awakened at 3.30 by the yowling of "Tabs." Mr. Robinson investigated. He found the animal in the children's room, running about and mewing wildly.

Mr. Robinson could find no reason for the cat's actions, so he put the cat out of doors. He had no sooner returned to the second floor than, as he chanced to pass his children's room, he saw a strange flash of light near the chimney.

He ran to the attic door, and found the attic filled with fire and smoke. Closing the door, he aroused the family. They threw on what few clothes they could and escaped from the house.

They were none too soon, for a few minutes later there was a hot air explosion which filled the second floor of the building, where the family had been asleep, with fire and smoke. Flames burst through the roof at the same time.—*Boston Herald*, Jan. 17, 1908.

I HAVE NOTICED.

"I have noticed for the past thirty years," writes David B. Teal, M.D., to the *New York Sun*, "that where dogs and cats are kept in families the children are healthier and the death rate smaller than where they are not kept. If cats were trained so that a child's throat could be covered over night with an ordinary house cat, men in my profession would have less trouble with membranous croup and diphtheria."

FOR THE PROTECTION OF CATS.

It is suggested to us that no cat should have a collar around its neck, or, if any, it should be a very broad one, as otherwise it is liable to get its paws caught in the collar, producing serious injury.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"STREET TALK" IN CINCINNATI.

In a very bright illustrated monthly an article under the above title comes to our table, in which we find a most interesting account of the efforts of Miss Cora Dow (called Cincinnati's merchant princess) to obtain a summer vacation of two weeks for all the working horses of the city.

She has planned to give all the horses in her employment a two week's vacation and has succeeded in inducing several of the large firms of Cincinnati, who use many horses, to follow her example, and is urging owners of horses all over the city to fall in with the plan.

Our Animal Rescue League and Red Acre Farm have movements in the same direction, and in a good time coming, if we can keep clear from wars and multiply a hundred times our Bands of Mercy, horses will be better treated in the future than they have been in the past.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE OF WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS.

Mrs. Jeannie Laflin Crane-Couch is doing a splendid work through her Animal Rescue League, with headquarters at Pittsfield, Mass. She is becoming a power in the western part of our State for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ASPHALT PAVEMENTS.

We have received from one of our friends, Mrs. Christine Brown Wheeler, a strong article on asphalt pavements, from which we give the following:

Who likes the asphalt pavements? Answer: Neither horses nor their drivers. Why? First, because they are hot in summer, absorbing the sun's rays and holding the heat for a long time; second, because they do not absorb water when sprinkled or showered; third, because dust is quickly made from refuse on them; fourth, because horses slip on them and are constantly falling on them with much injury. Ought not the city to be held responsible for the injuries to horses caused by these asphalt pavements? Another great injury to many from the asphalt pavements comes from the noise of horses traveling over them, particularly at night when people and many sick people are needing quiet sleep.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HER CHOICE.

"Which do you prefer?" asked her indulgent father.

"It's so hard to decide," she answered, "but at the price quoted I think the duke is a better bargain than the count. I guess you may buy the duke."

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."

We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on purple velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday school or church or library or any other object preferred.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

PRIZES \$650.

In behalf of *The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals* I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$25 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

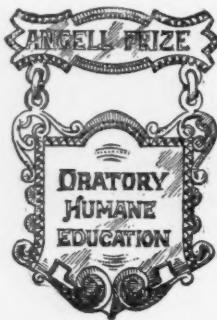
GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

"*The Humane Horse Book*," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

In hiring a herdic, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdic we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

OUR CREED and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as it appears on its battle flags, its badges, and its official seal, is "GLORY TO GOD," "PEACE ON EARTH," "KINDNESS, JUSTICE AND MERCY TO EVERY LIVING CREATURE."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth, and birds are decreasing in this country.



OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty, in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, also Mr. Angell's *Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Some of New York's "400", in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 25 cents, or 30 cents mailed.

For Pity's Sake, in paper covers, 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 50 cents at office, or 60 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, new edition, illustrated, \$1.25, postpaid; smaller edition, 50 cents at office, or 62 cents mailed; cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. All editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

Every dollar spent for humane education is a dollar spent for the prevention of wars, incendiary fires, railroad wrecks, and every form of cruelty and crime.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

BOYS' BRIGADES.

We have seen in the papers recently considerable about the training, marching, and sham fights of Boys' Brigades which, as we understand, are largely composed of the boys in Protestant Sunday schools; and in the *Greenfield, Mass., Gazette and Courier*, which has just come to our table, we find that good women interested in the Moody schools at Northfield have been raising money to send the Boys' Brigade of Northfield to a great encampment of Boys' Brigades which is to take place at Baltimore, Md. We wish that some one, who knows all about it, will kindly tell us what is the object of these Boys' Brigades, and how by the use of rifles and military training they propose to promote peace on earth and good will between individuals and nations. If it is expected that Baptist Brigades, Methodist Brigades, Presbyterian Brigades, Episcopal Brigades, Unitarian and Universalist Brigades are to fight Catholics, then, of course, Catholic Brigades will have to be formed in all Catholic Sunday schools to fight Protestants and we shall have a religious war similar to those of the Dark Ages.

When we were organizing the Humane Society of Florida, at Jacksonville, we found Presbyterian Sunday schools, *North*; Presbyterian Sunday schools, *South*; and Presbyterian Sunday schools, *Colored*; and the same with Baptist and Methodist Sunday schools—no one of the three divisions having anything to do with the other two. If the boys in all these Sunday schools had been organized into Boys' Brigades, armed with rifles and taught military drill and sham fights, we wonder what would have happened.

How far this Brigade business might extend in Sunday schools we cannot quite understand and whether if successful it might not result in the children of laboring men being armed and trained to shoot the children of capitalists and the children of capitalists to shoot the children of laboring men.

The object of all these Brigades seems to be of course to kill somebody, either Christian people outside our nation or to kill each other or the heathen whom we are desirous of converting to Christianity. Will some one kindly tell us all about it? As we now understand, it seems to us as though the most appropriate leader of the Boys' Brigades would be the infernal spirit which we call the Devil.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Blessed are the merciful."

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above-named, and a variety of humane publications, address, "Humane Education Committee, No. 61 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I."

ONE THING WE MUST NEVER FORGET, NAMELY: THAT THE INFINITELY MOST IMPORTANT WORK FOR US IS THE HUMANE EDUCATION OF THE MILLIONS WHO ARE SOON TO COME ON THE STAGE OF ACTION.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, THE MOST IMPORTANT WORK you do?

ANSWER. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably OVER SIXTY MILLIONS of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdic or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

(1) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.

(2) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight checkreins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

(1) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.

(2) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added *solitary confinement* without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

(1) Avoid as far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by *lead pipes* or *lead lined tanks*.

(2) Avoid drinking water which has been run through *galvanized iron pipes*.

(3) Avoid using *anything acid* which has been kept in a *tin can*.

(4) When gripe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

Send for prize essays published by our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

There comes to us from an Omaha editor, Mr. Sam G. Smyth, an interesting account of a horse hitched on a hot day in the sun at Omaha, which, seeing a window cleaner passing with a bucket of water, whinnied loudly for relief. A merchant standing opposite sent a bucket of cool water at once to the horse and then ordered tubs placed there to be constantly kept filled with pure cool water.

To the above we add that where horses are watered from buckets or tubs from which other horses drink there is more danger of glanders or some other disease than when they drink from water rapidly flowing through fountains.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"BLACK BEAUTY" IN NORWEGIAN.

To a most earnest appeal received from South Dakota that our American Humane Education Society will endeavor to secure an edition of "Black Beauty" in the Norwegian language, we make the following reply:

Rev. Elliot A. Aandahl, Boston, Aug. 3, 1908.
Box 91, Wist, South Dakota.

My dear Sir:—It gives me pleasure to receive your kind letter of July 30. I have ordered copies of our English "Black Beauty" sent you, and a copy of our Swedish. It has occurred to me that perhaps you might get some Norwegian paper to translate "Black Beauty" and publish it as a serial from which a book might be subsequently printed, by the paper publishing it. We have already caused to be sent out over three millions copies in our own, various European, and three Asiatic languages, and it is now being printed for use in Japan and also for use by the blind. I think that some Norwegian paper might be induced to take the matter in charge, and I should be most happy to widely advertise the paper and the book.

With kindest wishes, I am,

Yours sincerely,
GEO. T. ANGELL.

FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

A kind suggestion comes to us that while State laws can protect birds in the individual States we need a national law that shall protect useful birds in all the States.

It is a good suggestion, and when Congress comes together we must ask the aid of the Audubon societies and endeavor to secure some national law.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

AN IRISH THRUSH AT THE BARGE OFFICE.

The quietness of the barge office, New York, this morning was enlivened by the sweet singing of an Irish thrush, perched in a wicker cage that stood on a desk in the registry clerk's enclosure.

The bird belonged to an Irish emigrant who brought the feathered songster of his native land over the seas to America. Undisturbed by his surroundings the thrush poured forth a flood of melody that rose above every other sound, and filled the building with sweetest music, to the joy and admiration of all the emigrants and employes.—*New York Times*.

BIRD SURGERY.

In the *Youth's Instructor* we find a most interesting article by Walter K. James on the above subject. After giving various cases in which various birds have repaired broken limbs with the skill of human surgeons, Mr. James adds:

"Everywhere in the civilized world men who call themselves 'sportsmen' scatter agony and desolation among the beautiful creatures God has placed on our earth. Birds with delicate frames, sweet voices, and lovely plumage, wounded and bleeding, perforated with shot, legs and wings broken and splintered, hide away to die in tortures of pain from their wounds, or from the agonies of thirst and starvation. In the trees above and in the grass beneath, nestlings slowly die because the parent birds have been destroyed by a ruthless hand. These are some of the accompaniments of the recreation which, in so-called Christian countries, is called 'sport.'"

THE SEAGULL AND THE FISHERMAN.

In the fishing village of Auchmithie you may frequently witness seagulls flying into the houses of the fishermen and partaking of food from their hands. One of these seabirds was in the habit of staying in a fisherman's house all the year round except at the breeding season, when it left. About a fortnight ago, while the gull was away, the fisherman removed his home some three and a half miles from the former place. The fisherman never expected to see his old friend, the gull, again. It was, therefore, much to his astonishment that he beheld, on a recent Sunday, the sea-bird come walking into his new residence with stately steps to resume his old familiarities and household ways.

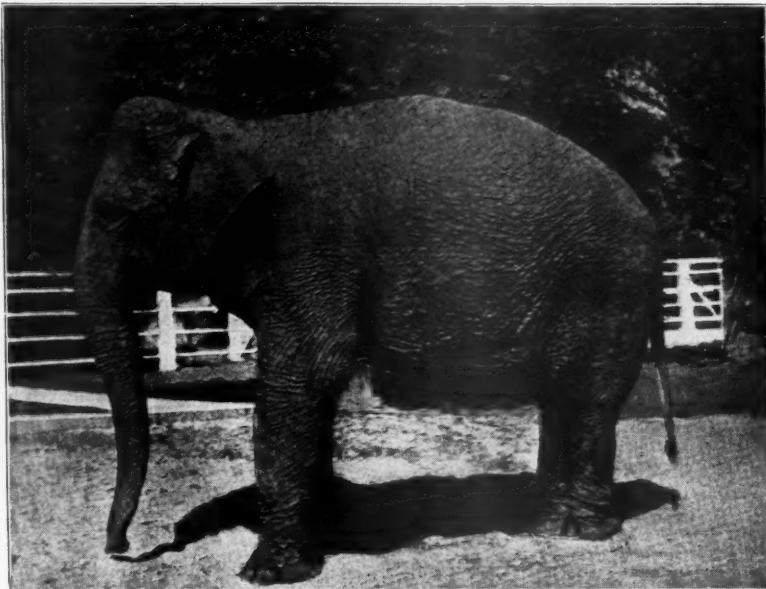
GEO. NICOLSON, in *London Spectator*.

HOW BIRDS HELP US.

Birds do an immense amount of drudgery for man, if they do now and then reward themselves by a dainty tidbit of ripening fruit. A pair of robins have been watched while they carried a thousand earthworms to their brood. Woodpeckers destroy eggs and larvae which would develop millions of destructive creatures in forests and orchards; and one of the most inevitable foes of the canker worm is the beautiful oriole, were it but allowed to live and hang its swinging cradle to the elm. *For every wing of black and orange on a young girl's hat an apple tree is stripped of leaves and young fruit, or an elm is denuded of its graceful foliage by the canker worm.*—*Farm Journal*.

AN IMPORTANT PLAN TO SAVE THE BIRDS.

Mr. E. R. Weeks, president of the Kansas City Humane Society, says he intends to make Kansas City the best town in the country for birds to live in. He says the Park Board of the city controls two thousand acres of land, with thousands of trees, and his plan is to have all park employees required to inform themselves as to the habits and species of the most common birds so that they can tell visitors to the parks about them, and every park employee required to do everything in his power to protect the birds, inside the parks at least.



"DUCHESS," IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.

Published by kind permission of *The Crusader Monthly*.

To the above we add that Mr. Weeks is one of the very ablest humane workers in the United States. It was he who secured a Band of Mercy meeting of twenty-five thousand children in the great convention hall of Kansas City, the largest hall in America.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ALL THE INSECT-EATING BIRDS IN AMERICA.

The *Boston Evening Transcript* gives a startling exhibition of the danger coming upon our country from the destruction of birds, and adds:

"Let the members of the *Christian Endeavor Societies*, the *Epworth Leagues* and the *Young People's Christian Associations* have an additional aim. It is to love God's wild birds as well as his human children. If all the male members of these three bodies will pledge themselves to refrain from killing their little brothers of the air, and the female members absolutely refuse to wear the plumage of any wild birds as ornaments, then a great advance will have been made toward the better protection of our birds."

If to our over seventy thousand "Bands of Mercy" could be added in this work of protecting the birds the *Christian Endeavorers* and *Epworth Leaguers*, there would be ample cause for thanksgiving of all the insect-eating birds in America.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE DOCTOR AS A CARRIER OF DISEASE.

We find in the *Sanitarian*, quoted from *New York Medical Journal*, a very important article on the above subject.

The writer recommends the wearing of gossamer rubber coats in sick rooms, great care in the use of thermometers, hypodermic syringes, medicine cases, protecting hair and whiskers, careful cleaning of the nails, use of rubber tissue finger cots, etc., etc.

We think the writer's conclusions may be of interest to the about three thousand physicians who receive our paper each month.

IN THE "SANITARIAN."

We find a very important article on the danger of lead pipes as recently found by many examinations; also of the danger of lead pipes lined with zinc.

A BALLAD OF THE TIMES.
Dedicated to Theodore Roosevelt.

[Written for *Our Dumb Animals* by one of the best friends dumb animals ever had in this country, Miss Ellen Snow, of Hartford, Conn.]

We're a most progressive land,
'Tis our duty to expand,
And we ought to civilize the Philippines;
The treaty's made for peace,
We must fight that war may cease.

To manage things no other way there seems.

War with its din of arms,
Its horrors and alarms,
Is never very pleasant, we admit;
And great climatic heat,
With the natives far from neat,

Is for death and illness-breeding very fit.

Still we've got to go ahead,
And who's alive or dead
The papers will be sure to let us know;
And we shall pay the bills,
With alternating thrills

Of patriotic pride and aching woe.

With Cuban wrongs redressed,
And the matador suppressed,
We surely are a philanthropic race;
When our new Malay-Chinese-Filipinos are at peace,
For other nations we may set the pace

SECRETARY TAFT THROWN FROM HIS SADDLE HORSE.

The *Boston Herald*, of August 14, in an editorial refers to the fact of Mr. Taft having been thrown from his saddle horse on account of weakness in the horse's ankles under the great weight of the Secretary, and suggests that the risk of his riding horseback is greater than should be incurred. This reminds us of what Taft telegraphed to Washington about the fine time he had riding horseback up one of the mountains of the Philippines, to which Secretary Root telegraphed in reply, "How about the horse?" GEO. T. ANGELL.

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND.

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By Thy great might!

For her our prayers shall be,
Our father's God, to Thee,
On Thee we wait!
Be her walls Holiness;
Her rulers Righteousness;
Her officers be Peace;
God save the State.

Lord of all truth and right,
In whom alone is might,
On Thee we call!
Give us prosperity;
Give us true liberty;
May all the oppressed go free;
God save us all!

OUR WORLD-RENNED FLEET OF BATTLESHIPS.

We trust that when our world-renowned fleet of battleships reach Asiatic waters they will be more familiar with the harbors of China and Japan than they were with the harbor of New York when three of them on that fine Sunday morning, going out of the harbor, were run onto a mud bank. It has been suggested to us that perhaps their officers were so much interested in the Sunday morning sermons of their chaplains that they entirely forgot the mud bank, but we don't believe that suggestion is a reasonable explanation.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

AT OUR FASHIONABLE HOTELS AND EATING HOUSES.

We wish to call the attention of all our readers to the following cutting from an exchange paper of Aug. 8:

PATE DE FOIE GRAS.

Fearful Cruelty That Makes This Dainty a Possibility.

To the ordinary man and woman no conception of the torture to which the poor, unfortunate goose is put could possibly be formed.

The geese, when about nine months old, are taken from the pastures and placed in an underground cellar, where broad, slanting stone slabs stand in rows, and are bound fast to the tables. They are literally crucified.

Feet, wings and bodies are spread out and bound by bands, so that only the neck is left free. As may be imagined, the animal struggles with all its might against this stretching till, after days of vain endeavor to free itself from the bands and its position, its powers of resistance are overcome, and dull resignation, broken only by its low cries, takes possession of it. Two months must pass away before death brings relief.

The animals are meanwhile crammed with dumplings made of dough of buckwheat, chestnuts, and stewed maize. Every two hours, six times a day, they receive from three to five dumpling pills, which in time become so sweet to the tortured creatures that they stretch their necks to be crammed.

The most difficult task is to determine the right moment for death. Those who die of their own accord are lost to the liver factory; therefore a kind of study is needed to see when the cup of agony is brimming full and the liver is ripe for taking. The bodies of such ripe ones are like pumpkins. Where ordinarily fingers are buried in flesh and fat nothing but skin and bone are found. The livers have absorbed all the strength and juices.

DOES THERE EVER COME A DAY?

Does there ever come a day when your spirits flag—when the lodestar of daily effort seems to have set in gloom? Then hie away to some beautiful birdy spot—(perhaps the spot may be found in your own garden), and, seating yourself in some unobtrusive place, await developments. A song is heard. Listen to it; analyze it, and put it into words if you can. Keep quiet and the singer may perch in full sight of you. But if he keeps at a distance, follow him. Do not give up until a fair view is had of the songster. Be quiet in your movements and make as few as possible. Note the color, form, size and song of your bird, and, if you do not know him then, look him up in some good bird book after you go home.

Depend upon eye and ear; do not make a movement except to bring your opera glass to your eyes, and this as quietly and with as little motion as possible. The squirrels will appear and chatter to you, especially if you can answer them in their own language. The woodpecker will tap the tree above your head to see if he can startle you and then chuckle hoarsely, so exactly like the squirrel's bark that even old hunters have been deceived by it. And perchance your silent vigil will be rewarded by the song of the hermit thrush, and that solitary beauty may reveal himself to your longing eyes. The chewink may flute you a tune and then flit away out of the leafy silence into the more open places where he makes his nest. An hour will pass as but a minute, and if you have any success at all you will not wait for the "blue devils" to drive you to a second morning with the birds.

—*Sel-Culture.*

WOOL GATHERING.

Nurse (announcing the expected). "Professor, it's a little boy."

Professor (absent-mindedly). "Well, ask him what he wants."

DID IT SERVE HER RIGHT?

A Fashionable Woman Driven to Flight by Juvenile Inquisitiveness.

Her hat was a regular stunner and no mistake. It looked something like a miniature tropical garden, but nature never produced anything half so gorgeous. A couple of artificial butterflies, whose wings presented a dazzling assortment of colors, were poised upon invisible wires over two imitation orchids. They were obviously designed to supply the crowning touch of realism. When she entered the "L" car she knew that that hat would create a sensation. There were plenty of vacant seats around, but she walked nearly the whole length of the car before taking one, and when she sat down it was with the proud consciousness that all eyes were fixed upon her—or rather upon her hat.

But nobody stared at that hat half as hard as a bright, chubby little youngster, who was sitting alongside of his mother, right opposite the owner of the triumph of millinery.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" exclaimed the little fellow gleefully, "I see two butterflies on that lady's hat."

"Hush, hush, Willie," said the mother; "you mustn't make remarks."

But Willie was at that age when the mind refuses to be satisfied with dogmatic assertions, and demands reasons.

"Why must I hush? Will the butterflies hear me and fly away?"

The people in Willie's immediate vicinity began to snicker, and the proprietor of the hat began to look uncomfortable.

"Willie, you must be quiet," said the mother; and then, with the view of allaying his curiosity, she added, "The butterflies ain't alive."

"Did she stick pins through them and kill them?"

"Hush—no; they are made-up butterflies."

Willie meditated upon this for a minute, and then, to the intense delight of everybody within earshot, excepting, of course, his mother and the proprietor of the wondrous hat, he broke out afresh.

"Did you ever see any live butterflies like those butterflies, mamma? I never did."

"Do be quiet; don't ask foolish questions."

But Willie was not to be suppressed in that fashion.

"Mamma, why is it that other ladies don't put butterflies in their hats?"

"I don't know. Do be quiet."

"Mamma, if you put butterflies on your hat, would you put butterflies on your hat like that?"

By this time the snicker had developed into an audible titter, and threatened to become a downright laugh soon.

The conductor suddenly opened the door and shouted out something that sounded like "Drenthenth Street!"

Whatever the street might be it seemed suddenly to occur to the proprietor of the hat that it was the street she wanted, and she rushed precipitately out of the car, her undignified exit contrasting strangely with her stately entrance a few minutes before.

And what do you think I overheard the woman who sat next to me say?—

"It just serves her right!"

Why it served her right I don't pretend to know.—*New York Herald.*

A MOTHER STORK'S DEVOTION.

Among many stories of the affection of dumb creatures for their young, this from a German paper is peculiarly pathetic. "At Neuendorf the lightning struck the gable end of a barn where for years a pair of storks had built their nest. The flames soon caught the nest in which the helpless brood was piteously screaming. The mother stork now protectively spread out her wing over the young ones, with whom she was burnt alive, although she might have saved herself easily enough by flight." —*Christian Herald.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL PAPERS AND CRUELTY.

A very strong article comes to us from Chicago in regard to the thoughtlessness of some Sunday school editors in practically teaching children cruelty to insects and other small creatures, and quotes an article entitled, "Wallace and the June Bug," from *The Sunbeam*, a Presbyterian Sunday school paper.

We are sending *Our Dumb Animals* every month to every Sunday school paper in America north of Mexico, and if we had the power to do it would be glad to send other humane literature to every Sunday school in America—literature which beginning with the youngest should be continually teaching the great doctrines of our American Humane Education Society and Bands of Mercy, "Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature."

Our correspondent quotes from Coleridge:

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God Who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

LETTER FROM ONE OF THE BEST WOMEN IN NEW ENGLAND.

Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President American Humane Education Society:

Dear Sir:—Can you aid the cause of humanity in this village by sending us some reading matter which will help educate the people?

*The children are growing up thoughtless and cruel, although they attend the Sunday schools of the place. The trouble here is the same as in a hundred thousand other places: the attention of the men, women, and children has not been called to the important subject of their duties to the lower animals. You have wisely said in one of your papers, "A thousand cases of cruelty can be prevented by kind words and humane education, for every one that can be prevented by prosecution." That wonderful combination of mercy, love, and kindness, "Black Beauty," with your humane leaflets and fascinating monthly, *Our Dumb Animals*, if widely distributed, will do untold good in the line of education and prevention. I hope you will secure a million dollars for your work. The American Humane Education Society will prove an incalculable blessing wherever its beneficent influence shall be felt.*

Very sincerely, W. O. S.

JOHNNY AND HIS QUEER LITTLE HOUSE.

(*For Our Dumb Animals.*)

Johnny lived in a house all by himself. It was such a queer little house with a low, flat roof, open sides, and a big window in front through which Johnny looked out at the great world.

Whenever Johnny moved he took his house with him, perhaps because he had lived so long in it that he disliked to occupy any other, or he may have known that it would be hard to find a carpenter to build another like it.

Before I became acquainted with Johnny he lived near the coast, sometimes staying in the water, but now and then moving his house high and dry up on the soft sandy beach. One bright day in May, as he was looking out through his big window across the white glistening sand to the ocean beyond, he heard a gush of merry laughter and a swish of clean-starched aprons.

He was very much frightened at first and drew far back into his house so he could only just peep out of his great window.

As he was not disturbed he grew more bold, and pushing his head out through the window of his house he saw a group of happy-faced children, some running along the beach gathering the dainty waxen shells, and others with little shovels making heaps of sand.

Bright eyes soon discovered the queer little house and eager voices asked about it and about the one who lived in it. At the first sound of their voices Johnny had crept within the

shelter of his roof, but those voices were so kind and loving that fear soon left him and again he ventured to come forth. A merry laugh greeted the first appearance of his odd-looking face and black bead-like eyes.

But before the morning was over he was a firm friend of each child, and at lunch time gladly shared the soft gingerbread they had brought with them.

When the time came for the children to leave for home, Johnny was asked to move his house and come with them. So fond had he become of their company that he offered no objection, but being tired out with his day's enjoyment he fell asleep.

When he awoke the next morning he found himself in a strange place. Loud rumbling noises outside soon told him that he was in the city of which he had heard the children tell, and the circle of little chairs showed that this was their kindergarten room.

Soon he heard the voices of yesterday's friends, and eagerly looked out to see what they had for his breakfast. Each one had saved some choice bit from his own breakfast at home, but Johnny rejected them all in favor of some earth worms one little boy had brought from his mother's flower bed. The children quickly saw what Johnny liked best, and he never lacked afterward his favorite food.

Seated in their row of tiny chairs the children talked over their joyous holiday, and with march, game and song they passed a happy and busy morning.

Each day they came again and Johnny would push his head far out through the window of his house to have the children stroke him, while he watched in a lazy way what was going on about him.

All too soon came the hot July days when the kindergarten should be closed. "What should be done with Johnny?" was the question. It would never do to leave him alone, and it was hard to decide which child should have him to care for; so Johnny was finally allowed to go on a long visit to the country with a kindergartner.

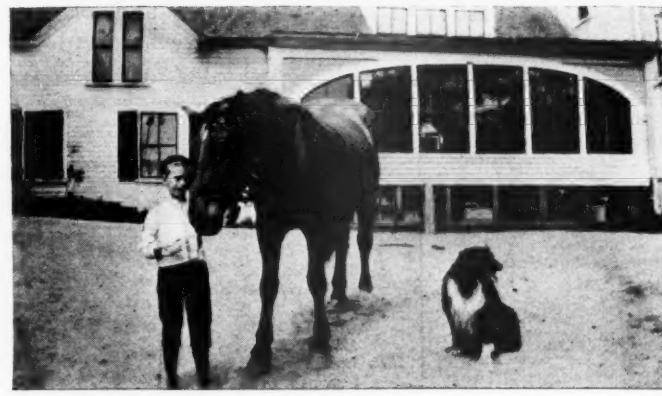
Such a cool, roomy garden as Johnny's house was placed in! He had never before seen such a delightful spot.

He found so many cosy nooks that he moved very often to try each one. The grass was so tall, and Johnny was so fond of moving, that a string was fastened to a hole in the roof of his house and then tied to an apple tree. Thus Johnny could wander at his own sweet will the length of the string, but could always be traced out at meal time.

The good kindergartner one day went away for a visit, and although Johnny liked the garden he missed the gentle strokes and the tender voice of the kind-faced kindergartner, but most of all he missed the children. So he tugged hard at the string, it snapped asunder, and Johnny moved off to find his little friends.

Many miles stretched between them, and Johnny must have lost his way, for the children have not seen him since.

Now, my little friends, if in any of your pleasant rambles through the field or the wood you chance to see a queer little house with a low, flat roof, won't you ask if *Johnny Turtle* lives within, and give him a kind word for the kindergarten children? J. E. B.



AUSTIN DANA FLETCHER, OF WESTFORD, MASS., AT GRANDPA'S WITH HIS DOG, BOB, AND OLD CHAPIE.

GOOD COUNTRY TO LIVE IN.

The German emperor and I
Within the self-same year were born,
Beneath the self-same sky,

Upon the self-same morn;
A kaiser he of high estate,
And I the usual chance of fate.

His father was a prince; and mine—

Why, just a farmer, that is all.
Stars still are stars, although some shine,
And some roll hid in midnight's pall;
But argue, civil all you can,
My sire was just as good a man.

The German emperor and I

Eat, drink, and sleep in the self-same way;
For bread is bread, and pie is pie,
And kings can eat but thrice a day,
And sleep will only come to those
Whose mouths and stomachs are not foes.

I rise at six and go to work,

And he at five and does the same,
We both have cares we cannot shirk;
Mine are for loved ones; his for fame.
He may live best I cannot tell:
I'm sure I wish the Kaiser well.

I have a wife, and so has he;

And yet, if pictures do not err,
As far as human sight can see,

Mine is by long odds twice as fair.
Say, would I trade those eyes dark brown?
Not for an empress and her crown,

And so the Emperor and I

On this one point could ne'er agree;
Moreover, we will never try.

His frav suits him and mine suits me,
And though his son one day may rule,
Mine stands A1 in public school.

So let the Kaiser have his sway,
Bid kings and nations tumble down,
I have my freedom and my say,

And fear no ruler and his crown;
For I, unknown to fame or war,

Live where each man is emperor. —Boston Globe.

YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY.

"Mamma, I fink I am not well."

Said lazy little Mabel;
The beans I'd given her to shell,

Neglected on the table.

Her dimpled cheeks with roses vied;

Her eyes the stars resembled;
The chubby form my faith defied;—

My darling had dissembled.

"I'm sorry, dear," I gravely said,

"Because you'll miss the puddings;
The place for sick folks is in bed,

With not a taste of good things."

She thoughtfully smoothed out her dress,

This wicked little sinner;

"Then I'm not sick just now, I dess,

I'll wait till after dinner."

S. JENNIE SMITH.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?
I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word or do a kind act that will

make some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

72613 *Providence, R. I.*
Putnam Street Primary School Bands.
Kind Workers.
P., Mabel L. Fenner.

72614 Kind Boys and Girls.
P., Mary I. Gorman.

72615 Little Helpers.
P., Alice M. Carpenter.

72616 Kind Friends.
P., Genevieve Darcy.

72617 Summer St. Primary School Bands.
Golden Rule.
P., Elizabeth J. Cory.

72618 Kind Helpers.
P., Irene Nickerson.

72619 Sunshine.
P., Martha K. Cole.

72620 Sunbeam.
P., M. Lucia Heck.

72621 Kind Hearts.
P., Emma F. Greene.

72622 Willing Workers.
P., Jennie T. Work.

72623 Plain St. Primary Sch. Bands.
Golden Rule.
P., Lucy W. House.

72624 Kind Protectors.
P., Annie M. C. Denney.

72625 Good Will.
P., Emma Schaffer.

72626 Kind Little Helpers.
P., Lucy W. House.

72627 Public St. Primary Sch. Bands.
Golden Rule.
P., Mary E. Lincoln.

72628 Little Helpers.
P., E. M. Feeley.

72629 Kind Friends of Dumb Animals.
P., Anna L. Gorman.

72630 Kind Helpers.
P., Mary E. Johnson.

72631 Chester Ave. Primary School Bands.
Cheerful Workers.
P., Rose Martin.

72632 Sunshine.
P., E. E. Heyworth.

72633 Kind Little Helpers.
P., M. Sayles.

72634 Little Helpers.
P., L. L. Blanchard.

72635 Harriet St. Primary School Bands.
Golden Rule.
P., E. J. A. Farrell.

72636 Kind Helpers.
P., Alice C. Allen.

72637 Sunshine.
P., Elizabeth Schaffer.

72638 Kind Little Helpers
P., Julia P. Ward.

72639 Tobey St. Home.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Mrs. C. F. T. Easterbrooks.

72640 Burnside St. Special School.
Helpers of the Helpless.
P., Florence L. Everett.

72641 *Hotchkiss, Col.*
Hotchkiss Band.
P., Master Roger Duke.

72642 *Faulkton, So. Dak.*
Faulkton Band.
P., Miss Anna Shirky.

72643 *Hensonville, N. Y.*
Mt. Hope Band.
P., Miss Gladys Griffin.

72644 *New Castle, Pa.*
Golden Rule Band.
P., Ruth Fulkerson.

72645 *Chicago, Ill.*
Royal Band.
P., George Mills.

72646 *Akron, Ohio.*
Sunshine Band.
P., Harry Morris.

72647 *Chicago, Ill.*
Juvenile Helpers Band.
P., Paul Mooney.

72648 *Lewistown, Pa.*
Lewistown Band.
P., U. Clark Swengel.

72649 *Scranton, Pa.*
Scranton Band.
P., Mrs. Howard Strickland.

72650 *East Boston, Mass.*
George L. Thorndike Band.
P., Charles Gilman.

72651 *Washington, D. C.*
Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Band.
P., Charles Skinner.

72652 *Shreveport, La.*
Central High School A. E. Band.
P., Fred Nicholson.

72653 *Mason City, Ia.*
Convent Band No. 1.
P., Russell Knight.

72654 Convent Band No. 2.
P., Emmett Colloton.

72655 *Rochford, So. Dak.*
Rochford W. C. T. U. Band.
P., Miss Iona Watson.

72656 *Lynn, Mass.*
Tracy School Bands.
Div. 1.
P., M. G. Rouke

72657 Div. 2.
P., A. M. Follen.

72658 Div. 3.
P., L. M. Ricker.

72659 Div. 4.
P., A. F. Rouke.

72660 Div. 5.
P., J. L. Costello.

72661 Div. 6.
P., M. E. Purington.

72662 Div. 7.
P., L. M. Langworth.

72663 Div. 8.
P., C. M. Corson.

72664 Div. 9.
P., E. G. Galvin.

72665 Div. 10.
P., F. E. Northrup.

72666 Div. 11.
P., Margaret McIntire.

72667 Div. 12.
P., C. D. Doak.

72668 South Common St Sch. Bands.
Div. 1.
P., M. R. Staton.

72669 Div. 2.
P., E. C. Long.

72670 Div. 3.
P., C. M. Staton.

72671 Div. 4.
P., L. M. Nickerson.

72672 Div. 5.
P., F. M. Lambert.

72673 Leighton St. School Bands.
Div. 1.
P., Ruby E. Ladd.

72674 Div. 2.
P., M. E. Norris.

72675 Franklin St. School Bds.
Div. 1.
P., M. E. Parrott.

72676 Div. 2.
P., K. T. Curry.

72677 Grove St. School Bands.
Div. 1.
P., Miss Helen P. Bubier.

72678 Div. 2.
P., G. M. Tufts.

72679 South Elm St. School Bands.
Div. 1.
P., A. S. Whitman.

72680 Div. 2.
P., L. L. Clark.

72681 George St. School Bds.
Div. 1.
P., Doris Foley.

72682 Div. 2.
P., G. A. Allen.

72683 *Chicago, Ill.*
Beale School Band.
P., Doris Foley.

72684 *Mystic, Conn.*
Always Ready Band.
P., Mrs. Mary W. Edick.

72685 *Cheney, Kan.*
Cheney Band.
P., Christine Lindblade.

72686 *Melrose, Mass.*
Washington Band.
P., Kenneth Thompson.

72687 *Limerick, Me.*
Limerick Band.
P., Miss E. A. Larrabee.

72688 *North Falmouth, Mass.*
North Falmouth School Band.
P., Jennie B. Adams.

72689 *Fall River, Mass.*
St. Josephs Band.
P., Phillippe Le Boneuf.

72690 *Cambridge, Ohio.*
First Baptist Church Bible School Band.
P., Mrs. Eva S. Dwigins.

72691 *Hoehne, Colo.*
Star School Band.
P., Miss Susan F. Dotson.

72692 *Lynn, Mass.*
Burrill School Bands.
Div. 1.
P., M. F. Moran.

72693 Div. 2.
P., L. G. Small.

72694 Div. 3.
P., A. F. Sullivan.

72695 Div. 4.
P., M. I. Perkins.

72696 Div. 5.
P., M. A. McCarty.

72697 Div. 6.
P., E. M. Stearns.

72698 Div. 7.
P., G. M. Thornton.

72699 Div. 8.
P., E. M. Hicks.

72700 Bruce School Bands.
Div. 1.
P., N. F. Foley.

72701 Div. 2.
P., A. D. Walker.

72702 Div. 3.
P., A. M. Dame.

72703 Div. 4.
P., N. B. Hunt.

72704 Div. 5.
P., G. H. Gardner.

72705 Div. 6.
P., G. F. Byrne.

72706 Div. 7.
P., A. L. McCaffrey.

72707 Div. 8.
P., A. M. Williams.

72708 Burns St. School Bands.
Div. 1.
P., M. M. Callahan.

72709 Div. 2.
P., Gertrude Dame.

72710 Div. 3.
P., A. C. King.

72711 Div. 4.
P., L. C. Campbell.

72712 Div. 5.
P., L. W. Mangan.

72713 Cottage St. School Bds.
Div. 1.
P., M. C. Hodge.

72714 Div. 2.
P., J. F. Callahan.

72715 Div. 3.
P., E. L. Fogg.

72716 Div. 4.
P., H. E. Woodbury.

72717 Myrtle St. School Bands.
Div. 1.
P., J. F. Callahan.

72718 Div. 2.
P., E. A. Crowley.

72719 Div. 3.
P., L. F. Williams.

72720 Div. 4.
P., K. L. Usher.

72721 Portable School Bands.
P., Augusta B. Titus.

72722 Harmon St. School Bds.
Div. 1.
P., I. M. Mason.

72723 Div. 2.
P., M. G. Cahill.

72724 Robinson St. School Bands.
Div. 1.
P., B. B. Le Mont.

72725 Div. 2.
P., M. G. Smith.

72726 *Bellingham, Wash.*
L. T. L. Band.
P., Mrs. Alice Kinyon.

72727 *Andover, So. Dak.*
Andover Band.
P., Jane Rider.

72728 *Lynn, Mass.*
Jackson St. School Bds.
Div. 1.
P., K. T. Cahill.

72729 Div. 2.
P., B. A. Carr.

72730 Coburn St. School Bands.
Div. 1.
P., S. C. Hutt.

72731 Div. 2.
P., B. B. Chesley.

72732 Div. 3.
P., G. E. Wilder.

72733 Div. 4.
P., A. E. Sawtell.

72734 Hood School Bands.
Div. 1.
P., C. L. Cutcheon.

72735 Div. 2.
P., A. F. Hatfield.

72736 Div. 3.
P., B. G. Fogg.

72737 Div. 4.
P., L. M. Pomeroy.

72738 Div. 5.
P., C. L. Cutts.

72739 Newhall School Bands.
Div. 1.
P., E. B. Tarbox.

72740 Div. 2.
P., E. M. Johnson.

72741 Div. 3.
P., E. L. Briggs.

72742 Div. 4.
P., R. Hews.

72743 Div. 5.
P., T. E. Donovan.

72744 Div. 6.
P., A. M. Anthony.

72745 Lewis School Bands.
Div. 1.
P., I. M. Allen.

72746 Div. 2.
P., F. G. Staples.

72747 Div. 3.
P., L. E. Hilliker.

72748 Div. 4.
P., S. T. Hilliker.

72749 Div. 5.
P., J. C. Rhodes.

72750 Div. 6.
P., S. M. Pierce.

72751 Div. 7.
P., M. V. Ahern.

72752 Div. 8.
P., E. M. Santry.

72753 Eastern Ave. School Bands.
Div. 1.
P., E. P. Wheeler.

72754 Div. 2.
P., E. A. Lee.

72755 Div. 3.
P., J. A. Christie.

72756 Div. 4.
P., G. E. Simpson.

72757 Div. 5.
P., A. G. Morris.

72758 Div. 6.
P., M. J. Palmer.

72759 Div. 7.
P., E. M. Johnson.

72760 Div. 8.
P., K. T. S. Smith.

72761 Div. 9.
P., M. B. Smith.

72762 Div. 10.
P., A. A. Caverly.

72763 Div. 11.
P., M. E. McHugh.

72764 Div. 12.
P., M. E. Anthony.

72765 Div. 13.
P., B. A. Fellows.

72766 York, Pa.
York Band.
P., Mrs. M. B. Strickler.

72767 *Cochituate, Mass.*
Cochituate Bands.
P., Ray M. Partlin.

72768 *Stoneham, Mass.*
Kindness Band.
P., Miss Madeline Crannan.

72769 *Altus, Okla.*
Alfalfa Band.
P., Mrs. N. C. Woodson.

72770 *Washington, D. C.*
Washington Band.
P., Charles Skinner.

72771 *Little Falls, N. Y.*
Fair Field Mercy Band.
P., Mrs. Asa B. Handy.

72772 *Arkell, Ont.*
Arkell Band.
P., Olive Daniels.

72773 *Alton, Ont.*
Alton Band No. 1.
P., Fred Irwin.

72774 Alton Band No. 2.
P., Maggie McIntyre.

72775 *Hillsburg, Ont.*
Hillsburg No. 1 Band.
P., Miss M. B. Kelley.

72776 Hillsburg No. 2 Band.
P., Harry Siple.

WHAT A EUROPEAN WAR WOULD MEAN.

German General Staff Claims it Would Cost \$3,000,000,000 a Year, with 900,000 Casualties on Each Side.

[From the *Boston Evening Transcript*, July 21.]

The General Staff of the German Army has issued a bulletin as to the probable cost of a modern European war. Germany, it is affirmed, would be able to put 4,750,000 troops in the field. A war fought against another European Power would cost Germany \$1,500,000,000 per annum as long as it lasted. The indirect loss through financial depression and the paralysis of industry would be far greater. If three, four or more European Powers were involved, as would be likely in view of existing alliances, the drain on the resources of Europe would be appalling. Incidentally, General Blume expresses the opinion that the loss of life would be heavier than in the recent Russo-Japanese War, when 20 per cent. of the Japanese armies in the field were killed or wounded. Reckoning in the same proportion, a European Power would lose approximately 900,000 killed and wounded during the same length of time, and General Blume believes the proportion would be much higher. He declares it would be a veritable orgy of blood.

OF ALL THE GOOD WORK.

Of all the good work going on all over our land to ameliorate the condition of suffering humanity, and of suffering, maltreated animals, we know of none that is having a wider or more salutary influence than that of the "American Humane Education Society" and the "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," — Delaware Farm and Home, Wilmington, Del.

ONE OF MANY SIMILAR LETTERS.

Everett, Washington, Aug. 8.

Mr. George T. Angell,—

I see that you are in your 86th year and I pray that God may spare you many years and preserve you in good health.

W. T. PILLMAN.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

Tourgenieff, the Russian writer, says: "I returned home from the chase and wandered through an alley in my garden. My dog bounded before me. Suddenly he checked himself and moved forward cautiously, as if he scented game. I glanced down the alley, and perceived a young sparrow with a yellow beak and down upon its head. It had fallen out of the nest (the wind was shaking the beeches in the alley violently), and lay motionless and helpless on the ground, with its little unfledged wings outstretched. The dog approached it softly, when suddenly an old sparrow with a black breast quitted a neighboring tree, dropped like a stone right before the dog's nose, and with ruffled plumage and chirping desperately and pitifully, sprang at the opening mouth.

"She had come to protect her little one at

the cost of her own life. Her little body trembled all over, her voice was hoarse, she was in agony—she offered herself. The dog must have seemed a gigantic monster to her. But in spite of that, she had not remained safe in her lofty bough. The dog stood still, and turned away. It seemed as though he also felt this power. I hastened to call him back, and went away with a feeling of respect. Yes, smile not! I felt a respect for this heroic little bird and for the depth of her maternal love. Love, I reflected, is stronger than death and the fear of death; it is love that supports and animates all."

Commended to the careful consideration of President Roosevelt. GEO. T. ANGELL.

WHEN ON MY DAY OF LIFE THE NIGHT IS FALLING.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunmed spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting;
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and
shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! Let Thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding
grace—

I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

WHITTIER.



NIAGARA, AS SEEN FROM CARS OF INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY COMPANY.

For this beautiful picture we are indebted to *Truth*, Buffalo, New York.

A SPEECH OF GENERAL ISAAC R. SHERWOOD OF OHIO.

There comes to our table a very interesting speech, made by Gen. Isaac R. Sherwood, of Ohio, in the United States House of Representatives, describing the services rendered by our armies in our Civil War, and setting forth in most emphatic language that the safety of our republic lies in patriotic hearts and homes and not in professional soldiers trained to kill for hire.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. for July, 1908.

Fines and witness fees, \$165.40.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Proceeds of fair of The Dragon Club, given by Louise Lawrence White, Mary Andrews Chase, Henry Davis Bigelow, Edward Livingston Bigelow and Henry Kent White, \$65; concert under management of Mrs. George H. Shapley, \$40; Edw. R. Wharton, \$25; Miss A. Elder, \$20; S. S. of Chestnut Hill Chapel, \$10; Mrs. Sidney Clementson, \$10; Mrs. H. E. Shaw, \$7; Mrs. M. E. D. Stoddard, \$1.50; Jane C. Lewis, \$0.50.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Central Cong. S. S., Boston, Miss Arnold, Wm. Skinner Mfg. Co., Mrs. A. T. White, C. H. Pierce, S. W. Carr, Nathan D. Bill, Mrs. F. L. Lee, Hon. Wm. Bassett, C. A. Maynard, Mrs. A. L. Williston, J. L. Perkins, Miss H. R. Hudson, Miss Grace M. Miller, Moore Forging Co., Mrs. K. P. Taft, J. G. Mackintosh, Mrs. E. L. Smith, Wright Wire Co., D. H. Fanning, Mrs. E. T. Rogers, Ware, Pratt & Co., Crompton & Knowles Loom Works, Miss

Mary Hoar, W. E. Norcross, Miss Fanny Elkins, Mrs. Daniel Runels, for care of animals in Chelsea fire.

THREE DOLLARS EACH.

Albert Steigas Co., G. W. Prentiss & Co., F. D. Heywood, R. F. McElwain, J. T. Way, Mrs. H. S. C. Birnie, Florence Mfg. Co., Mrs. Gould Smith, Miss Frances Lincoln.

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

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